

THE

# Literary Companion.

*"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."*

NO. 2.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1821.

VOL. I.

## THE ENTHUSIAST:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

### CHAPTER II.

I had now attained my eighteenth year. During this period, as it is natural to suppose, the country around us had undergone a material alteration. The general appearance was indeed more lively and animated, but the calm quiet of our tranquil abode was in a great measure disturbed. For the most part, burnt stumps, occasionally intermixed with old and decayed oaks, which stood like aged men who have outlived the generation that grew up with them, were all that remained of that dark, deep, though flourishing forest, which, as a girdle, encompassed our obscure habitation. The timber which was cut out of the trunks of the trees, and the larger branches, served to enclose fields laid with a rich soil, and which, in good seasons, yielded harvest crops gladdening to the sight of the husbandman. Beautifully situated country seats, with grounds arranged "with exquisite taste and elegant industry," together with some more homely buildings had been built, and were beheld by the waterman, as his little bark sped gaily through the waters, peeping here and there through the abundant and luxuriant shrubbery.—Even the hut of the woodcutter, through the exertions of a toilsome manhood, was now changed into a substantial and snugly built farm-house. His little family of sons and daughters, having grown up, were some of them married and settled, either about their father's old house, or among their husband's kinsfolks and acquaintances. It was no unpleasing sight, of a beautiful afternoon, to sit on the bank of the river, under one of the weeping willows which grew along the shore, and watch "the white sails and gaily fluttering pen-

nons" of the lighter craft, loaded with country produce, borne on the bosom of the Hudson.

But notwithstanding the face of the country was in a manner wholly changed, my father did not intimate, either by his conversation or conduct, that he was in the least desirous of mixing with our new neighbours; on the contrary, he cautiously avoided any kind of intercourse, and confined himself, if possible, more closely within the walls of his own garden. As for myself, he suffered me to follow the bent of my own inclination; custom, however, had so habituated me to our retired way of living, that it was rather burthensome than otherwise to associate with strangers. I was nevertheless forced to extend my rambles further into the country. I would frequently be absent a whole day from home, and return in the night with my game, spent with fatigue; and at times, though I was unable to define the cause, greatly depressed in mind.

The infirmities of my father increased with the years of his pilgrimage. The signet of time was upon his forehead. From the palace of the hoary headed monarch the decree had gone forth, and that decree altereth not. My father had yet strength enough to attend to the management of his gardens, of which I was now as fond as himself;—still his exertions were feebler, "fewer and far between." He continued his accustomed walk on the bank of the river, and through the grounds immediately adjoining the house, but his step was tottering and slower. His memory began to fail him, though the faculties of his mind were generally unimpaired. I have

known him to sit for hours seemingly occupied with the scene immediately before him, though, in reality, his *mind* had taken the wings of religion, and through *its* eye beheld the portals of heaven opened, and heard the loud song of joy and triumph, sung by the heavenly and rejoicing choir.

I was seated one night, as was my general practice in winter, in the library. Both my father and myself were engaged in reading. We were somewhat startled, as it was an unusual thing with us, by a knocking at the door. Soon after, a stout built man, completely muffled in a box coat, entered—he delivered a packet to my father, who, as soon as the messenger had retired, opened it;—one moment his face was pale as death, and the next a deep flush suffused it. The paper shook in his hands as if the wind blew it.

I saw him so intently engaged, that I deemed it best to retire. He did not again send for me that evening. My imagination was on the stretch half the night, but I could not even devise a probable conjecture. I thought the agitation of my father foreboded some ill to the son, and to the house. Dreams of singular shape and fantasy, during the whole night, were wandering through my brain. I awoke early next morning, not greatly refreshed, and did not therefore leave my room until nigh the breakfast hour. It was not the least of my surprise, when I entered, to see my father booted and spurred, with his great coat hanging over the back of a chair, a handkerchief tied round his face, and his gloves and riding whip in his hand.

He told me, in an unconcerned way, that he was compelled to go to New-York, and should not return until to-morrow evening. There was not any great change either in his tone or countenance. A deeper melancholy perhaps, and his eye-brows rather more drawn over the eyes than usual. At this moment old Thomas brought the horse, ready saddled, to the door.—“Would it not be safest, Sir, to take the waggon?” “I do not know but that it would—he answered—but as the high road is so rough, I think if I go on horseback I shall travel easier, and much more expeditiously.”

I made no other remark, and he soon after set off. As he was about mounting his horse he appeared, for a moment, to forget his accustomed composure. He shook my hand very kindly, and with a good deal of warmth, bid both Thomas and Susan, good-by. His eyes were somehow watery as he looked upon us for the last time. After he had gone I stood with my eyes fixed to the earth—when I raised them, a tear was glistening on the cheek of Thomas and Susan.

I returned into the house, and immediately retired to the library. Though there is a charm in the converse of books, yet it had no power to sooth the restless state of my mind. There was a hollowness and melancholy reigning throughout our house, somewhat like that from whence the mourners have gone in the lengthy and shadowy train, to give to the air, the water, and the earth, the body of a deceased brother. I was like the master of such a mansion.

There was a secret mystery in the sudden departure of my father, for which I could not, in any wise, account. He was not indeed in the habit of confiding to me any of the secrets of his former life; but then, this was so untoward a circumstance, and, for the most part, brought before my own eyes. The day, likewise, was heavy and gloomy; and this circumstance aided doubly to depress my spirits. I again took up a book, but I could not read. I seated myself at the window which looks upon the forest, and the opposite shore. The clouds were moving over the sky like the companies of a bannered host, gathering in array for battle. The wind rushed quicker, and blew louder. The Spirit of darkness moved upon the face of the waters. The clouds, condensing into a huge, ponderous, black mass, and rolling onward, midway darkened the sun—but that which was seen, only shone with a still more resplendent brightness, as if struggling to disperse the gathering tempest;—so the angel of peace would throw the olive garland about the temple of war, and bid the leaders and the captains of the companies of the hostile hosts approach, and kneel as worshippers. This mass of clouds dis-

persing and retiring for a while—others, still more cumbersome and threatening, would hang for a while on the declivities of the mountains, and then come driving onward, “terrible as an army with banners.” But even the grandeur of the heavens wearied me.

The day and the night passed. A second day also rolled by;—our anxiety increased every moment. So unaccustomed were we to the absence of the head of our house, and so confidently did we rely on his returning at the time he specified, that we imagined nothing but accident or sickness could have been the cause of his detention.

It was about midnight, the second since his departure, when we were startled with a loud knocking at the front door. We were all aroused, as I could tell from the moving of footsteps below; and I heard an inner door open just as I placed my hand upon the latch of my own.

Susan had lighted the lamp, and we all entered the hall at the same moment. She had her bunch of keys on her arm, and applying the largest at the front door, with as much grace as a Highlander would brandish his claymore, she quickly opened it.

A man with a fretted horse, who looked as if he had rode to win the heat, and muffled in a large riding coat, was right in front of us. “Is this,” he said, “the house of Richard Colburn?” “It is, Sir,” I answered.

“Are you his son, Reuben Colburn?”

“Yes, Sir, I am his son.”

The stranger handed me a letter. “Your father told me to give this into your own hands.”

I took the letter—and bidding Robert take good care of the stranger and his horse, went, eager with curiosity, to the library. The letter was dated, New-York November —, It ran thus.

“My Son,

“I have been unexpectedly detained in this city. I wish immediately to see you. The messenger who delivers this will return as soon as he is refreshed, and direct you where to find me.”

“I am, &c.

RICHARD COLBURN.”

“What a laconic epistle!” I said to myself. It might almost be rendered into Cæsar’s famous message to the Roman senate, and read somewhat thus;—I am here—I wish to see you—the messenger will conquer the way for you. I gathered in the reins of my imagination, as the bowman does the string of his bow—only to allow it greater force. The brain, always fruitful in inventions, found out many things, but still could not solve my perplexities. At length, tired of the search, I again retired to rest, and did not awake until the day had dawned. We both quickly saddled our horses, and set out for New-York, at a brisk pace, early the same morning:

(To be continued.)

#### THE MEMORANDA.

The following communication is sent us by a ludicrous correspondent. We would not wish to be considered as adopting the sentiments which are expressed, but cannot help inserting it for the wit and pungency of the remarks which it contains. The following is an extract from the letter sent with it.

New-York, June 18th.

My Dear Howard,

I have been in town these two or three days, and you have not yet called to see me. What hinders you, I can’t conceive, unless it is your Editing business, which I understand, from the general opinion about your first number, succeeds mighty well. What you mean by entering upon so laborious an undertaking, is past my finding out, unless it is to further those benevolent plans which you



and I, in our summer house, have so often formed when we lived together in our native village. By the by, that bower is as green and carefully taken care of as ever—a certain favorite *one* of yours is a frequent visitor there. How in the name of sense happens it that I have got upon old places, old persons, and old themes: when I began, I not only wished to remind you that I was yet alive, but also to tell you that I have found in my lodgings, (you know what a lover of rusty, antique things I am) a small bundle of papers, which my landlady assures me must have been written by an old English gentleman, who was so impolite as to leave the house without bidding a single person in it a good bye. I am confident they will create a hearty laugh, without any irritable feelings.

I am with great friendship,

Yours,

Q. IN A CORNER.

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*The MSS.*

1. *The Gazette*, King Solomon's Pack Horse—Franklin's bust without his brains.

2. *The Evening Post*, or Quack's Jest Book, has the singular faculty of changing sides every day, and the still more singular good fortune of being thought consistent.

3. *The Commercial Advertiser*, or Connecticut Witchcraft, a Pedant in Literature, a Sexton for fast days.

4. *The American*, less useful than zealous, has all the contortions of the Sybil, without the inspiration.

5. *The Ladies' Cabinet*, a garden of roses, like the sex, beautiful, but visionary.

6. *The Mercantile Advertiser*, A Butler's dreams, without a Joseph's interpretation.

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For want of room we are obliged to postpone the remainder of the *Memoranda* to our next number.

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THE LUSTRUM,

NO. II.

Edipol, non nos sumus unique æque omnes invisæ viris,  
Propter paucas quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo.

TER.

The faults of a few vicious bring a stain  
Upon the worth of the whole female name.

JUNE 18th. ———

I have determined, upon reflection, to postpone to some future occasion, the communication of my faithful deputies referred to in my last number: and because I find it is expected by some of my readers that I should state the reason for adopting the title which I have, for these my dissertations, I shall here take occasion, for the benefit

of all such, to explain the meaning of that term, and to show its application to the purpose for which I have employed it. The Lustrum is a ceremony of very great antiquity, and is said to have been first instituted by Servius Tullius, about one hundred and eighty years after the foundation of Rome.—It consisted of a general muster and review, which was made at stated

times under the authority of the censors, and was followed by certain sacrifices which were performed for the purification of their cities, fields, armies or people from any crime or impurity, and which was styled the Lustration. These lustrations differed, in being public or private; as also they did in their species or manner of being performed. I shall not here go into a circumstantial account of them, but observe generally, that the victims which were offered up in those ceremonies, varied according to the particular nature or occasion of the purification which was called for; and that, in the case of private houses, the victim was commonly a pig; which, it is very probable, in the course of the purgation which I propose to make, I myself also, may have occasion to sacrifice.

In commencing the review, which I, in my capacity, am about undertaking, nothing will more facilitate the attaining of the object which I have in view, than the making of proper distinctions in society, and setting apart the sound and unhealthy part of it, in order that it may not suffer from the contamination of the vicious and infected. There is nothing by which society, and particularly the female part of it, suffers more than by the indiscriminate manner in which it is regarded; and the occasion which persons who are of weak and limited views, or of evil dispositions, take from the faults or follies of a few individuals, to cavil at mankind at large, and cast a general censure on their whole conduct. These wholesale dealers, if I may so style them, in detraction, are by no means scrupulous in the use of it; and have so little regard to the justness of the occasion in which it is to be employed, that they wait only for an opportunity to overwhelm you with its abundance. *Timothy Softly* is an innocent fellow of this species. Every body knows his foible, and listen, therefore, to his raillery with much satisfaction. *Timothy* is a man very

vain of his parts; and, having, as is usual with persons of his description, very little real pretensions on that score, was egregiously disappointed in a woman whom he was courting for her money; but who was in love with, and married a man of good sense and a fine person, who will make her an agreeable companion for life. *Timothy* was so vexed at his misfortune, although she never gave him any reason to hope for her consent, that he calls her a jilt to this day, and takes every occasion to abuse the sex, by applying to it several ludicrous epithets, which he has formed out of his own imagination. *Timothy* is very amusing when he gets on this strain; and has made himself master of two or three satirical couplets, which he usually backs his arguments with, and introduces with an air of great triumph and satisfaction.

*Pamphilus* is one of a very different character. He has always led a lewd and vicious life; and having associated with none but females of loose principles, has formed his opinion of the sex from their conversation and conduct. *Pamphilus* prides himself greatly upon his amours, and will lay bets to any amount, on his success in any intrigue which he may undertake. He was well enough served the other day, by a maid with whom he was endeavouring to make interest, and who gave him a salute out of the window, as he was speaking up to her in a kind of whispering voice.

The *Pamphilus's* compose a considerable class in society, who having no regard to virtuous principles, affect to ridicule all those who profess or practise them, and employ the instances which they themselves have occasioned by their baseness and deceptions, as arguments of scandal against the character of the sex in general. I shall, however, have an eye on all such persons for the future, and shall take occasion to consult a committee of females, in relation to the best means to be employed for their purification.

But the most ridiculous species of these defamers is a set of persons, who having very little knowledge of women, except that which they derive from others, set themselves up as the greatest adapts in the science, and will stare every modest woman out of countenance to convince you of their dexterity in their art. *Ned Frothall* is a notable fellow of this description. He talks with great emphasis on women of soul, and will undertake to tell you by a particular cast of his eye, which he has practised for a long time, and prides himself greatly upon, what are the thoughts which are going on in any woman's head. *Ned* construes the

slightest notice or civility into an overture to intimacy, and will tell you of a thousand glances he has received, and many familiarities which he might have been engaged in, if he had been so disposed. He considers women but in one light, and speaks of them in reference only to one subject.

But I am diverted from my remarks on this subject, by something of a more worthy character, which is no less than a petition subscribed by several venerable maidens who disguise themselves under various romantic names. It was left for me at Goodrich's, and is as follows:

"TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, THOMAS OLDBOY, INTENDANT IN AND OVER THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

"*The Petition of the undersigned in behalf of themselves and others who are placed in the same condition,*

MOST HUMBLY SHEWETH,

"That your Petitioners compose that part of Society which is distinguished by the vulgar appellation of *Old Maids*, and are usually set in opposition to that class of persons who are styled *Bachelors*. That this State has grown upon them much against their will; and being disposed, as they have at all times been, to enter into overtures of accommodation, they humbly desire your interference in the case, and that you will take such notice thereof in your *Lustrum* as you may see proper.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c."

I have examined the allegations of this petition, and think the case worthy to be considered; I hereby notify my fair Petitioners of an early occasion to comply with their request.

#### NOTICE.

Whereas Mr. Oldboy is advised by his Couriers that many refractory and evil-disposed persons continue in their mal-practices in contempt of his authority as Intendant, this is to give notice to all such that Mr. Oldboy may be expected in the City on the 22d instant, to the end that they may demean themselves accordingly.

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#### TO MARY.

One kiss upon that cheek of snow,  
Which late the blush of rapture wore—  
And then, far distant thou must go,  
And I shall meet thy smile no more.  
Yes—we must part—the wave must roll,  
And ocean's barrier intervene—  
But with thee still shall go my soul  
Thro' every clime—thro' every scene.

Yes—we must part—and this is then  
The last fond kiss of one so dear—  
Shall joy beguile this heart again  
Through many a melancholy year?  
Oh, life, thou art a wilderness,  
Where flowers but blossom to decay—  
And hopes, which youthful hearts caress,  
Are aye the first to fade away.



Mary—I found thee, what I sought  
In woman's purity and worth,—  
A heart with heavenly sweetness fraught,  
A child of paradise, on earth !  
With feelings generous and mild,  
Alive to every virtuous tone—  
With soul unstained and undefiled  
As yonder heaven, its native throne :—

Such hearts have glowed in woman's breast,  
And happy they, who, pressed with care,  
Have flown unto that place of rest,  
And pillowed all their sorrows there :  
But thou, if ever love was such  
As fancy paints it in the sky,  
With colours pure, and seraph touch,  
And glowing as the rainbow dye.

I surely found it all in thee,  
In that ingenuous heart of thine,  
And knelt in fond idolatry  
Before its bright and holy shrine ;  
All that my spirit sought to greet  
Yet feared the search would be in vain,  
It found in thee—it ne'er shall meet  
One so adored as thee again.

And when long years their shadows fling  
Upon thy heart now warm and young,  
Perchance the muse of thought may bring  
Those hours when o'er thy charms I hung—

And often fondly lingered nigh  
To kiss the lilies on thy brow,  
When that serene and deep blue eye  
Floated in pensive tears—as now.

Then, think of me as one, whose truth  
Once plighted—cannot—will not range—  
Whose vows of warm confiding youth  
Are too sincere—too firm to change :  
But, do thou weep for me no more !  
Those eyes should never shed a tear—  
Sooner be all remembrance o'er—  
Than grief, the lot of one so dear ;—

Oh no—let memory on thy breast  
Her varied mantle gently fling,  
Recalling hours supremely blest,  
When time bore sunshine on his wing—  
And when for me life hath no balm,  
And I shall sleep within the grave,—  
Oh be that buried love as calm  
As moonlight sleeping on the wave.

Now, now, this last—this last farewell—  
Oh life thou hast no deeper pain ;  
Hope, can thy voice prophetic tell  
That we who part shall meet again ?  
Oh waves shall darken—waves shall spread  
Their foamy wreaths upon the brine,  
When thou across them shall have fled—  
My Mary,—joy can ne'er be mine.

*Poughkeepsie, June, 1821.*

FLORIO.

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### THE IDLE MAN.

We have perused the pamphlet which has lately been published under this title, consisting of an Essay on Domestic Life, and an Eulogium on the performances of Mr. Kean, the tragedian; the latter an article of considerable length. The author of this work being wholly unknown to us, he will not of course, in our remarks upon it, suspect us of any personal hostility of feeling toward him; and even if it were otherwise, we trust we should never, in a public notice of the abstract merits of a production, allow any thing of a private nature to influence our observations. With regard to the former

of these articles, viz. the remarks on domestic life, although there are many minute and fine touches in it, which, if viewed with an eye of sensibility, cannot fail to have their intended effect, yet the writer will excuse us for saying that we think the ideas generally too visionary and subtle, and that there is a failure of bringing forward the more solid benefits and pleasures which grow out of the domestic relations, and which seem necessary to be considered, in order to produce any material or lasting impression on the mind. The style of this piece is also somewhat laboured, and of whatever

warmth of feeling the author may be possessed, yet he has not, we think, been so successful as he could have wished, in imparting to the mind of the reader any considerable share of it. We would not however wish to detract from the merit of the work, and believe that the writer, with a greater regard to the coldness of feelings with which light reading is generally entered upon, and the necessity of creating an interest in the mind by strong and striking images, is capable of productions which would do credit to the literature of our country. With respect to the eulogy on Mr. Kean, apart from any regard to the justness of observation contained in it, it is distinguished by such ardor of style, that we should be inclined to think it from the pen of a different author, did we not here and there discover traits of the same hand in it. It consists however, of an undeviating strain of panegyric, which in some places is so redundant, that we cannot but suspect the writer and Mr. Kean to be compatriots. There has been much said about forming a new taste for actors in this country, but there can

be no better taste than that which is regulated by a regard to the nature which is put by an actor into his performances. We profess to admire Mr. Kean in many respects, but the writer with all his warmth on the subject, can never bring us to believe that either the demoniac laugh, or that sudden and entire depression of voice and action from the highest pitch and violence, which Mr. Kean employs in cases of very ordinary occurrence, could ever be looked for from any rational creature, who might be placed in similar situations; much less, can we think that the latter is "so marked and striking an excellence" (as the author expresses it) that it "had better be sometimes spared for the sake of bringing it in with greater effect in some other place. We shall not however enter into a contest respecting the merits of this performance. We have neither room nor disposition to do so. We are considering the work only in the light of a composition, and as such, we think the latter article written with great warmth of imagination, and also, with much strength and effect of expression.

### THE PROPHECY OF DANTE—A POEM,

BY LORD BYRON.

This poem consists of four cantos, and is proposed to be continued by others in case these should be well received. The subject is the supposed prediction of Dante, an Italian poet of great celebrity, who flourished several centuries ago, concerning the fates of that country, and who we are to imagine as addressing us during his exile, and shortly before his death. The style of the poetry is new to the English reader, and is that which in Italian is called *terza rima*, and which was peculiar to the poet whom we are to suppose to be speaking.

Although we consider Byron as most successful and interesting in his tales, and indeed as owing his poetical fame principally to those productions, yet, with respect to the work before us, we must acknowledge it as possessing merit, and that in no inconsiderable degree. The sentiments throughout are appropriate and striking, and the language in some places peculiarly beautiful. We would quote the following as a specimen.

Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries  
Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine  
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,  
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,  
Float from eternity into these eyes;



The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their station,  
 The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,  
 The bloody chaos yet expects creation,  
 But all things are disposing for thy doom;  
 The elements await but for the word,  
 "Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb!  
 Yes! thou so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,  
 Thou, Italy! so fair, that Paradise,  
 Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:  
 Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?  
 Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,  
 Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice  
 For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds  
 With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;  
 Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds  
 Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,  
 And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments  
 From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;  
 Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,  
 Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made  
 Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,  
 And finds her prior vision but portray'd  
 In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp  
 Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade  
 Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp  
 Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes o'er thee,  
 And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help  
 To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,  
 Nearer and nearer, yet, and dearer still  
 The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,  
 Thou—Thou must wither to each tyrant's will:  
 The Goth hath been; the German, Frank, and Hun  
 Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill  
 Ruin, already proud of the deeds done  
 By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,  
 Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won,  
 Rome at her feet lies bleeding, and the hue  
 Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter  
 Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,  
 And deepens into red the saffron water  
 Of Tiber, thick with dead.

We could refer to other parts of this poem as equally sublime and striking, (particularly in the third canto,) but the want of room must be our excuse for not doing so. We hope to see this subject continued by Lord Byron, and have no doubt that when the wings of his muse which have been so long folded, shall become more pliant by exercise, we shall see her more bold in her flights, and successful in her pursuits.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM A BATCHELOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I am an unmarried man of about 47 years of age, a Batchelor if you please, for I have not as yet been *taken* in marriage; although, the sober sentiments of my heart were never averse to a measure always so honorable, sometimes extremely comfortable. The de'il of it however has been that—but hold—I understand law enough to know that I am not bound to convict myself. But you shall have my case at large, for I shall wish to have your advice upon it, and to be directed by you how to proceed in the situation in which I am placed.

To begin—You will then understand me: 1st, to be an unmarried man, 2dly, as desirous of being married, and 3dly, that I am quite sick with love. As to the first, it is a matter that is very burthensome to my soul, and which will inevitably (as I fear) produce my utter ruin; except, as in the second place I desire, I can marry a *pretty, rich, healthy* girl, who will soothe my sorrows, and in her love, rescue my memory from perdition; but in the third place, and here comes the rub—I am sick with love. You shall have the particulars. It was towards the former part of last month, (*May*) that I *took up* my lodgings in Free-Street, No. 91—En passant—its name is a literal emblem—pardon me ye shades of the immortal Locke—sign of the character of the street, every thing and every body here are free as air. My apartments are fronting the street, and nearly opposite to where lives and smiles, the prettiest, sweetest, I *guess* sweetest girl I ever saw. Oh, she is very lovely! her form so slender—her eyes so black and yet so bright, her cheeks are the lilly and the rose, and her tresses like ringlets of finest silk, flow down her waxen neck; and seem to sleep upon her soft bosom. I wish I could describe her as she is—but love's fancy cannot sketch, nor painter's art pourtray her

angel beauty. Oh she is—she is very lovely.

When I came to reside here, it was my determination to live perfectly reclusive, and to devote my whole attention to the study of philosophy.—Notwithstanding, I had not been a resident here more than two days when my eye caught her dear—dear vision, as she *peeped* from her window. In an instant my cold heart burned—I forgot my original determination, and throwing Mr. Philosopher into the chimney corner, placed myself at one of the windows pertaining to my study, absorbed in wondrous admiration of her charms and resolved not to move until I should once more behold this idol of my heart. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning. I had not waited longer than an hour and a half, when she returned, and with inimitable grace seated herself by her window so that I could distinctly see her entire figure. The blush of the morning was on her cheek, and a sweet, Oh how sweet! a smile play'd upon her lips. Oh! thought I, if she would but look on me—she looked—Good heavens! what a look! It entered into my very soul!—Ah lovely girl! I involuntarily exclaimed, would now that you knew how much I adore you, you would pity, if you could not—yes—yes, you would love me too! Half-distracted between hope and fear, and assuming all the dignity that was possible, I walked majestically, (while within her view) towards the fireplace, when I made an eagle pounce upon the contemptible Philosopher, and immediately offered him up a flaming sacrifice to Cupid. Then running to my dressing table, intending to brush my hair, fix my ruffles, &c. &c. for a return conquest of my fair conqueror, (for I already fancied myself a model of manly beauty) I made a grasp with both hands at my hair-brush, but in my eagerness, caught up my ink-bottle and blacking-brush—

stumbled over the bed post—spilt (unobservedly) all the ink over my white pantaletts—('y fashionable wear)—heard a noise, but in no great hurry to inquire whence or wherefore—up again—took a peep from the window—gave one or two scrapes of my hair and face—then another peep—next another scrape, and so on until I supposed my hair in dandy trim,—(you may imagine what a figure I, in fact, cut with the blacking botched over the sides of my face)—then for the ruffles—this done, the hundredth peep—and thus and thus I became prepared. Not, however, without having broken four panes of glass, and thrown every thing around me into confusion. But this looked like business,—courage,—wealth—love—so never mind. Being now equipped, I on with my hat, caught up my cane, and odd gloves—hurried headforemost down stairs,—during which heard another crash, “louder than the loud ocean”—still too busy to ask why or where—strutted out into the street, right mad to see and be seen by my dear Caroline, for such I have since understood her name to be. And in this manner, I paraded a number of times before her window, accompanying the flirts of my cane with many sly winks—fanciful hitches of the shoulder, and twistings of the lips.

At length becoming quite fatigued, I was about returning to my room, where I might meditate upon the success which was likely to attend my *review*, when all on a sudden my ears were stunned by a roaring salute, as if the artillery of heaven were greeting my triumph. At first I was a little frightened, and made a grave halt: on discovering, however, that it was the noise of gladsome glee, I was again passing on, too much occupied with my own business to meddle with that of others; nevertheless I could not refrain from a squint to see if my *love* too laughed, and if so, then from the direction of her eyes to discover *at what?* fully prepared to join chorus

in her mirth. I looked up—O happy man—she laughed, I laughed loud—I gazed—she looked at me; faith, well she might, and well might all the male neighbours who now crowded to their doors, and the sly maidens who peeped from behind the curtains.—Alas! my woful plight—my pantaletts discoloured, rent; and from my pocket was hanging my supposed white handkerchief, (but what was better fitted to wipe my smutty visage) streaming with its many wounds, and polished by the shoe brush, which I really thought were the trickling tears of love down my burning cheeks, that would not fail to melt a heart of adamant; if not, insure me the sympathy of Caroline, whom, to be sure, I also fancied might therefore come and kindly invite me to her arms. O woful plight! was ever man so miserably deceived. Nor was this all: a little child just then passing was almost frightened into fits at what she thought was the Summer Santicus! while the dogs, as if by previous concert collecting from all quarters, set up such a tremendous clamour, and some were venturing a personal attack, that I soon found it the safer, no less than more honourable way to effect a speedy retreat. To do this, and at the same time to protect myself from too great exposure to the enemy, I set out at full speed, throwing my gloves, cane, and hat at those pursuing. The short distance alone saved me; although not a few who stood giggling in my way, experienced my bodily energy to be equal to my mental resources in the hour of calamity. Having reached my quarters, I found every thing like myself. I slammed my window shutters together, and crawled noiseless as a mouse under my bed clothes—chairs, table and broken wash stand and bowls, where I lay until night.

It is now, Mr. Editor, five weeks, or more, since this farce was acted: I continue to love Caroline with the same ardour as before. I have, with-



in the last fortnight, sat at my window all day long, and so has Caroline at her's—we look constantly at each other, and sometimes smile; but exactly why she smiles I dare not even guess: sometimes too, she will take her little siss in her arms, and give it such a kiss, as shall sing in my ears for full

twenty-four hours together. Further, our neighbours say little more about the *old matter*. Now pray Mr. Editor, do tell me what I am to conclude from all this “eventful history,” and what I must do—to get married.

I am with esteem,

### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW

*On Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet, and Barry Cornwall's Marcian Colonna.\**

Of Barry Cornwall, the Reviewers thus write—“If it be the peculiar province of poetry to give delight, this author should rank very high among our poets; and in spite of his neglect of the terrible passions, he *does* rank very high in our estimation. He has a beautiful fancy, and a beautiful diction—and a fine ear for the music of verse, and great tenderness and delicacy of feeling. He seems, moreover, to be altogether free from any tincture of littleness, rancour, or jealousy; and never shocks us with atrocity, or stiffens us with horror, or confounds us with the dreadful sublimities of demonical energy. His soul, on the contrary, seems filled to overflowing with images of love and beauty, and gentle sorrows, and tender pity, and mild and holy resignation. The character of his poetry is to sooth and melt and delight: to make us kind and thoughtful and imaginative—to purge away the dregs of our earthly passions, by the refining fires of a pure imagination, and to lay us up from the eating cares of life, in visions so soft and bright, as to sink like morning dreams on our senses, and at the same time so distinct and truly fashioned upon the eternal patterns of nature, as to hold their place before our eyes long after they have again been opened on the dimmer scenes of the world.”

We select one of his “smaller pieces,” the most pathetic and delicate in the estimation of the Reviewers, entitled “The Last Song,” supposed to be sung by a young and innocent girl, who feels herself dying of long-cherished and undisclosed love. The sentiments and the diction appear to us to be equally exquisite—and the measure, though rather uncommon, to be eminently beautiful. It runs as follows:—

“Must it be?—Then farewell,  
Thou whom my woman's heart cherish'd so long:  
Farewell! and be this song  
The last, wherein I say “I lov'd thee well.”

“Many a weary strain  
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath  
Utter'd, of love and death,  
And maiden griefs, hidden and chid in vain.

“Oh! if in after years  
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,  
Bid not the pain depart;  
But shed o'er my grave a few sad tears.

\* Poems by Bernard Barton, 8vo. pp. 280—London, 1820.

Marcian Colonna, an Italian tale, with three dramatic scenes, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. pp. 19. Warren, London, 1820.

"Think of me still so young,  
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,  
Daring to disobey  
The passionate spirit that around me clung.

"Farewell, again! and yet,  
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore  
Shall you and I no more  
Together see the sun of the Summer set?

"For me, my days are gone!  
No more shall I in vintage times, prepare  
Chaplets to bind my hair,  
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone!

"But on my bier I'll lay  
Me down, in frozen beauty, pale and wan,  
Martyr of love to man,  
And like a broken flower, gently decay."

"The style of the Quaker Poet,"—thus writes the Reviewers, "is rather diffuse and wordy, though generally graceful, flowing, and easy; and though it cannot be said to contain many bright thoughts, or original images, it is recommended throughout by a truth of feeling, and unstudied earnestness of manner, that wins both upon the heart and upon the attention."

And again—"The staple of the whole is descriptive and meditative,—description of quiet, home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion, but all terminating in soothing and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality."

We select for insertion at this time, the following; which, says the Review, has rather more of the ardour and tenderness of love, than we had supposed tolerated in the Society of Friends.

"I did not forget how with thee I had paced  
On the shore I now trod, and how pleasant it seem'd;  
How my eye then sought thine, and how gladly it traced  
Every glance of affection which mildly it beam'd.

"The beginning and end of our loves were before me;  
And both touch'd a chord of the tenderest tone;  
For thy spirit, then near, shed its influence o'er me,  
And told me that still thou wert truly my own.

"Yes, I thought at the moment, (how dear was the thought!)  
That there still was a union which death could not break;  
And if with sorrow the feeling was fraught,  
Yet even that sorrow was sweet for thy sake.

"Thus musing on thee, every object around,  
Seem'd to borrow thy sweetness to make itself dear;  
Each murmuring wave reach'd the shore, with a sound  
As soft as the tone of thy voice to my ear.

"The lights and the shades on the surface of ocean,  
Seem'd to give back the glimpses of feeling and grace,  
Which once so expressively, told each emotion  
Of thy innocent heart as I gaz'd on thy face.

"And when I look'd up to the beautiful sky,  
So cloudless and calm; oh! it harmoniz'd well  
With the gentle expression which spoke in that eye,  
Ere the curtain of death on its loveliness fell!

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#### INSANITY—A FRAGMENT.

—He is an unfortunate kinsman of ours (said Mrs. Ellen) who has been, for some years a lunatic. She related his story, on my manifesting a curiosity to know the particulars, at some length.—This was the substance of it.

Archibald was a youth of very lively parts. His sensibility had become diseased by an assiduous study of those romancers and poets who make love the basis of their fictions. He had scarcely grown up when he contracted a passion for a woman whose chief merit consisted in her beauty. A new object quickly succeeded. Though he loved for a time, with every appearance of ardour, it was perceived that his affections were easily transferred to a new object, and easily dissolved by absence. Love, however, was his element. He could not exist without it. To sigh, to muse, to frame elegies, was the business of his life. Provided there were some object to receive his amorous devoirs, it seemed nearly indifferent what the real qualifications of the object were. His friends prevailed upon him to put himself under the care of a merchant in Ireland. His situation required that he should qualify himself for some profession, and that of a merchant was chosen by him as liable to the fewest objections. After some time, however, he was brought back to his friends a maniac. A phrenzy at first furious and terrible, subsided into a melancholy harmless to others, but gloomy, silent, and motionless. With scarcely a change of attitude, without opening his lips except to converse on his own misfortunes, on the events that caused his despair, he has remained for some years an example of the fatal effects of addicting the undisciplined mind to books in which nature is so fantastically and egregiously belied.

These were the circumstances that produced an effect so mournful.

He had scarcely been settled in his new abode at Cork, when he became attached to a daughter of a wealthy family between which and that in which he resided, a rivalry and enmity had long subsisted. His suit was rejected by the parents, whose interest had been engaged for another, but accepted, as usual, by the daughter, who naturally imagined that this was a question on which no one had a right to decide but herself. The parents supplied the place of argument with force. All access to the lady was denied. Commands and menaces proving of no avail, she was condemned to a rigorous confinement. The lover was persuaded by his friends to make a voyage to the West-Indies. There being no room to hope for a change in the determinations of the lady's family, this expedient was chosen as likely to dissolve a connexion, which, while it lasted, could be productive only of mutual distress. The lady's constancy, however, was heroic. She reserved herself for better times, and while she yielded to personal restraints that could not be resisted, she maintained the freedom of her mind. She was insensible to menaces and persuasions; denied every personal claim on her obedience; and ridiculed the obligations of filial duty. She vindicated the propriety of her choice, and asserted her independence as a reasonable being. Her family having exhausted the obvious expedients, resorted to more atrocious ones: A plan was devised of decoying the lady into an opinion that her lover was false, that he had made his address to a lady in the island to which he had gone, and was on the point of marriage. Her sagacity was equal to her fortitude, but the craft with



which she had to contend, was consummate. She was accordingly deceived, and her courage forsook her, but the resolutions she now formed were evidently different from those which her family expected as the fruit of their schemes. Misfortunes had changed a character of no common excellency. It is the property of injustice to propagate itself, to render those who suffer by it vicious as well as miserable. The lady condescended to artifice, and pretended a cheerful compliance with the wishes of her family. Preparations were making for the nuptial rite. The morning of the important day arrived—when she was found dead in her bed.

It is remarkable that an event which the lady's parents had imposed upon their child without believing it themselves, had really taken place. Absence had produced the usual effect upon the lover. He had seen a new object, that had quickly supplanted the old. His ingenuity furnished an opiate to his conscience. He laid his heart at the feet of his new mistress; the present was accepted, and she gave her own in return, and no very distant day was fixed for ratifying the exchange at the altar. Before it arrived, however, tidings reached him, by what means I shall not mention, of the fate of the Irish lady; of her voluntary death, in consequence of the belief of his inconstancy. Of the mistaken grounds of this belief, of the means by which it had been produced he was wholly ignorant. As his inconstancy was real, he supposed that she was apprized of no more than the truth. The effect of this information may be easily conceived. He broke off his present connexion, and immediately embarked for Europe, and having arrived at Cork, proceeded without delay to procure an interview with the lady's family. His purpose was to obtain their assent to a proposal sufficiently singular. It was no other than that the vault in which the lady had been interred, should be opened, and he himself be permitted to take a last view of the corpse. He urged his demand with the energy of phrenzy, and at last succeeded.

The solemn period of midnight was selected; the vault was opened in presence of the desperate lover and some of the family of the diseased. They descended the stair-case, and I almost shudder to describe the object that saluted their sight. They beheld the lady, not decently re-

posing in her coffin and shrouded with a snow-white mantle, but naked: ghastly, stretched on the floor at the foot of the stair-case, with indubitable tokens of having died a second time, a victim to terror and famine. It is not to be wondered at, that a spectacle like this, plunged the unhappy lover into phrenzy the most outrageous. He was torn from the spot, and speedily delivered to the care of his friends.

This story was told by Mrs. E. circumstantially: and of course with much greater minuteness than it is here related.

And is this all, said I? What is his present condition?

Mr. Ellen took up the tale. Such, said he, are the events which are related by the sufferer. These were the topics of his ravings, and this the eternal theme of his more coherent eloquence, when the first paroxysms of his phrenzy had subsided. Such I say, is his own narrative; but I hardly expect to be believed, when I add, that the whole existed only in his own imagination: that not one of those circumstances which my wife has related ever took place: that the whole is a dream, regarded by him indeed as unquestionable reality, but having not the slightest foundation in truth. The period which he imagines to be filled with those events, was passed by him in performing the duties of his new profession: to which, however, he entertained great disrelish; and in wandering at times of leisure among the wildernesses of a romantic country, attended only by some favourite author, or delivering himself up to the reveries of his fancy. On his return from one of those excursions, which had been longer than usual, the first tokens of insanity were observed. The symptoms rapidly increased, and the consequences were such as have been related.

Indeed, said I, you have good reason for doubting the assent of your hearers to the truth of such a story. Romeo, who seems to resemble your Archibald in some things, was, I thought the best specimen of an amorous madman that could be produced, but your enthusiast ontstrips Romeo's extravagance by many degrees. Besides, my dear Madam, you seem to assign a strange cause for your kinsman's insanity. I cannot perceive how any course of reading could possibly lead any mind so far astray.

There, William, said Mr. Ellen, I agree